Poems:

In diuers humors.

Trahit ſua quemque voluptas. Virgil.

LONDON,
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1598.

To the learned, and accompliſht Gentleman, Maiſter *Nicholas Blackleech*, of Grayes Inne.

To you, that know the tuch of true Conceat;
(Whoſe many gifts I neede not to repeat)
I vvrite theſe Lines: fruits of vnriper yeares;
Wherein my Muſe no harder Cenſure feares:
Hoping in gentle Worth, you will them take;
Not for the gift, but for the giuers ſake.

SONNET. I.

To his friend Maister R. L. In praise of Musique and Poetrie.

If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree,
As they must needes (the Sister and the Brother)
Then must the Loue be great, twixt thee and mee,
Because thou lou'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deare; whose heauenly tuch
Vpon the Lute, doeth rauish humaine sense:
Spenser to mee; whose deepe Conceit is such,
As passing all Conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lou'st to heare the sweete melodious sound,
That *Phœbus* Lute (the Queene of Musique) makes:
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himselfe to singing he betakes.
One God is God of Both (as Poets faigne)
One Knight loues Both, and Both in thee remaine.

SONNET. II.

Against the Dispraysers of Poetrie.

Chaucer is dead; and *Gower* lyes in grave;
The Earle of *Surrey*, long agoe is gone;
Sir *Philip Sidneis* soule, the Heauens haue;
George Gascoigne him beforne, was tomb'd in stone.
Yet, tho their Bodies lye full low in ground,
(As euery thing must dye, that earst was borne)
Their liuing fame, no Fortune can confound;
Nor euer shall their Labours be forlorne.
And you, that discommend sweete Poetrie,
(So that the Subiect of the same be good)
Here may you see, your fond simplicitie;
Sith Kings haue fauord it, of royall Blood.
The King of *Scots* (now liuing) is a Poet,
As his *Lepanto*, and his *Furies* shoe it.

A Remembrance of ſome Engliſh Poets.

Liue *Spenſer* euer, in thy *Fairy Queene:*
Whoſe like (for deepe Conceit) was neuer ſeene.
Crownd mayſt thou bee, vnto thy more renowne,
(As King of Poets) with a Lawrell Crowne.

And *Daniell*, praiſed for thy ſweet-chaſt Verſe:
Whoſe Fame is grav'd on *Roſamonds* blacke Herſe.
Still mayſt thou liue: and ſtill be honored,
For that rare Worke, *The White Roſe and the Red.*

And *Drayton*, whoſe wel-written Tragedies,
And ſweete Epiſtles, ſoare thy fame to skies.
Thy learned Name, is æquall with the reſt;
Whoſe ſtately Numbers are ſo well addreſt.

And *Shakeſpeare* thou, whoſe hony-flowing Vaine,
(Pleaſing the World) thy Praiſes doth obtaine.
Whoſe *Venus*, and whoſe *Lucrece* (ſweete, and chaſte)
Thy Name in fames immortall Booke haue plac't.
Liue euer you, at leaſt in Fame liue euer:
Well may the Bodye dye, but Fame dies neuer.

An Ode.

AS it fell vpon a Day,
In the merrie Month of May,
Sitting in a pleaſant ſhade,
Which a groue of Myrtles made,
Beaſtes did leape, and Birds did ſing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did ſpring:

Euery

Euery thing did baniſh mone,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
Leand her Breaſt vp-till a Thorne;
And there ſung the dolefulſt Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty.
Fie, fie, fie, now would ſhe cry
Teru Teru, by and by:
That to heare her ſo complaine,
Scarce I could from Teares refraine:
For her griefes ſo liuely ſhowne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mournſt in vaine;
None takes Pitty on thy paine:
Senſleſſe Trees, they cannot heere thee;
Ruthleſſe Beares, they wil not cheer thee.
King P*andion*, hee is dead:
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe ſinge,
Careleſſe of thy ſorrowing.
Whilſt as fickle Fortune ſmilde,
Thou and I, were both beguilde.
Euerie one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miſerie:
Words are eaſie, like the winde;
Faithfull friends are hard to finde:
Euerie man will bee thy friend,
Whilſt thou haſt wherewith to ſpend:
But if ſtore of Crownes be ſcant,
No man will ſupply thy want.

An Ode.

If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull, they will him call:
And with ſuch-like flattering,
Pitty but hee were a King.
If he bee adict to vice,
Quickly him, they will intice.
If to Woemen hee be bent,
They haue at Commaundement.
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne:
They that fawnd on him before,
Vſe his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeed,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede:
If thou ſorrowe, hee will weepe;
If thou wake, hee cannot ſleepe:
Thus of euerie griefe, in hart
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a Part.
Theſe are certaine Signes, to knowe
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.

Written, at the requeſt of a Gentleman, vnder a Gentlewomans Picture.

EVen as *Apelles* could not paint *Campaſpes* face aright,
Becauſe *Campaſpes* Sun-bright eyes did dimme *Apelles* ſight:
Euen ſo, amazed at her ſight, her ſight, all ſights excelling,
Like *Nyobe* the Painter ſtoode, her ſight his ſight expelling,
Thus Art and Nature did contend, who ſhould the Victor bee,
Till Art by Nature was ſuppreſt, as all the worlde may ſee.

An Epitaph vpon the Death, of Sir Philip Sidney, Knight: Lord-gouernour of Vliſsing.

THat *England* loſt, that Learning lov'd, that euery mouth commended,
That fame did prayſe, that Prince did rayſe, that Countrey ſo defended,
Here lyes the man: lyke to the Swan, who knowing ſhee ſhall die,
Doeth tune her voice vnto the Spheares, and ſcornes Mortalitie.
Two worthie Earls his vncles were; a Lady was his Mother;
A Knight his father; and himſelfe a noble Counteſſe Brother.
Belov'd, bewaild; aliue, now dead; of all, with Teares for euer;
Here lyes Sir *Philip Sidneis* Corps, whom cruell Death did ſeuer.
He liv'd for her, hee dyde for her; for whom he dyde, he liued:
O graunt (O God) that wee of her, may neuer bee depriued.

An Epitaph vpon the Death of his Aunt, Miſtreſſe Elizabeth Skrymſher.

LOe here beholde the certaine Ende, of euery liuing wight:
No Creature is ſecure from Death, for Death will haue his Right.
He ſpareth none: both rich and poore, both young and olde muſt die;
So fraile is fleſh, ſo ſhort is Life, ſo ſure Mortalitie.
When firſt the Bodye liues to Life, the ſoule firſt dies to ſinne:
And they that looſe this earthly Life, a heauenly Life ſhall winne,
If they liue well: as well ſhe liv'd, that lyeth Vnder heere;
Whoſe Vertuous Life to all the Worlde, moſt plainly did appeere.
Good to the poore, friend to the rich, and foe to no Degree:
A Preſident of modeſt Life, and peerleſſe Chaſtitie.
Who louing more, Who more belov'd, of euerie honeſt mynde?
Who more to Hoſpitalitie, and Clemencie inclinde
Then ſhe? that being buried here, lyes wrapt in Earth below;
From whence wee came, to whom wee muſt, and bee as ſhee is now,
A Clodd of Clay: though her pure ſoule in endleſſe Bliſſe doeth reſt;
Ioying all Ioy, the Place of Peace, prepared for the bleſt:
Where holy Angells ſit and ſing, before the King of Kings;
Not mynding worldly Vanities, but onely heauenly Things.
Vnto which Ioy, Vnto which Bliſſe, Vnto which Place of Pleaſure,
God graunt that wee may come at laſt, t'inioy that heauenly Treaſure.
Which to obtaine, to liue as ſhee hath done let vs endeuor;
That wee may liue with Chriſt himſelfe, (aboue) that liues for euer.

A Comparison of the Life of Man.

Mans life is vvell compared to a feast,
Furnisht with choice of all Varietie:
To it comes Tyme; and as a bidden guest
Hee sets him downe, in Pompe and Maiestie;
The three-folde Age of Man, the Waiters bee:
Then with an earthen voyder (made of clay)
Comes Death, & takes the table clean away.

FINIS.